

That never smile, though wanton summer tempt
Them e'er so much.

Tell. But they do sometimes smile.

Ges. Ay! when is that?

Tell. When they do talk of vengeance.

Ges. Vengeance? Dare they talk of that?

Tell. Ay, and expect it too.

Ges. From whence?

Tell. From heaven!

Ges. From heaven?

Tell. And their true hands
Are lifted up to it on every hill
For justice on thee.

Ges. Where's thy abode?

Tell. I told thee on the mountains.

Ges. Art married?

Tell. Yes.

Ges. And hast a family?

Tell. A son.

Ges. A son? Sarnem!

Sar. My lord, the boy—(*Gesler signs to Sarnem to keep
silence, and, whispering, sends him off.*)

Tell. The boy? What boy?

Is't mine? and have they netted my young fledg-
ling? [me

Now heaven support me, if they have! He'll own
And share his father's ruin! But a look
Would put him on his guard; yet how to give it!
Now, heart, thy nerve; forget thou art flesh, be rock.
They come, they come!

That step—that step—that little step, so light
Upon the ground, how heavy does it fall
Upon my heart! I feel my child! (*Enter Sarnem
with Albert, whose eyes are riveted on Tell's bow,
which Sarnem carries.*)

'Tis he! We can but perish.